

(1922)

E--1075.

The New Year 1922.

7 The routine of office work and almost daily committee meetings and conferences continued until midsummer of 1922, and more and more as time went on I realized that the position of associate chief was a ^{superfluous} makeshift, that there could be only one chief of bureau, that I was neither chief of bureau nor chief of a division, but was becoming more and more a supernumerary without definite or prescribed duties and responsibilities and participation in committee meetings and conferences came about as a mere matter of courtesy. The shift from active, responsible participation in shaping the policies of the department to a comparatively inactive and irresponsible position was trying and depressing in the extreme. Naturally the thought of resigning became more insistent, but my resentment at the inactive, ineffective, ~~and~~ ^{and humiliating} hampering position in which I found myself inspired me with determination to play the game awhile longer.

National Convention of Agricultural Leaders.

7 The first half of January was a busy one throughout the Department in preparing a program for a national agricultural convention of leaders. This convention met at the Willard Hotel in Washington on January 23. Congressman Sydney Anderson was chairman. The convention was opened by an address by President Harding, followed by a reception at the White House in the afternoon. A large number of special committees were formed with hand-picked chairmen not in the government service. To each chairman was assigned a specialist of the department to serve as secretary. Mr. MacDougal, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, was made chairman of the committee on crop estimating and agricultural statistics and I was made secretary. In preparation for this meeting I had prepared an abstract of my enlarged program for

The New York Times

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crop estimating, which I presented as a basis of discussion. It was adopted by the committee with few modifications and to me was assigned the task of preparing the report of the committee. I found Mr. MacDougal to be a charming gentleman and, so far as I could judge, much more of a poet than a business man. At least on walking with him from the hotel to my office and return, he quoted poetry most of the time--which pleased me greatly. The report I prepared was adopted by the committee and approved by the convention. Throughout the period of the convention the committee secretaries, of which I was one, worked from 8 a.m. until midnight.

On the evening of the 26th a banquet was given by the Secretary to the visiting delegates at the LaFayette Hotel, followed by a conference at the National Museum that lasted until after midnight.

On the 27th there was an interesting controversy between Samuel Gompers, the aged, able, and highly respected president of the Federation of Labor, and the agricultural delegates ~~of~~ over a resolution calling for deflation of railway rates and wages. Mr. Gompers fought a gallant fight for the maintainance of high wages, but the sentiment of the agricultural leaders was solidly opposed.

A Lunatic.

7 In January also I had a curious experience. During my service in the Record and Pension Office of the War Department more than twenty years previously a Mr. Edwin Booth had been the time clerk for General Ainsworth. For a time he had served as private secretary to the General. He had graduated from a night law school and at one time was an applicant for the position of solicitor for the State Department. He was of a taciturn and somber disposition, was generally regarded as peculiar, and

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he appeared to have very few friends. It was known that he was intensely religious and intolerant to the point of fanaticism. For many years I had neither seen nor heard of him. But in recent months I had occasionally encountered him on my daily walks to and from the department, usually ^{near} LaFayette Square. Always we greeted each other in a friendly manner, and sometimes I would pause long enough to inquire about some of my old acquaintances in the War Department. In one of these brief conversations he suddenly broached the subject of impending starvation because of the blind sinfulness of men, and I laughed at him, whereat he seemed to become greatly excited, grasped me by the coat lapel, and proceeded to expound a fantastic theory of divine vengeance in the form of famine. Thereafter I tried to avoid him. Another time he stood in my path, stopped me, and said he had a tract of land across the Eastern Branch of the Potomac near Anacostia on which he proposed to grow food to help prevent a famine, and he wanted some bulletins ^{of} ~~to~~ the department. After asking him why he did not write to the department for them and his reply that he wanted me to get them for him, I took a note of the subjects in which he was interested and had the bulletins sent to his address. Then one morning early, when I had an appointment with Secretary Wallace at 8 a.m. and was in a great hurry, Mr. Booth waylaid me on the Mall near what is now Executive Avenue. I was striding along rapidly when, looking up, I saw him standing directly in my path. I said cheerfully, "Good morning, Mr. Booth; guess you have been to market; sorry I am in a hurry and cannot stop," and I stepped aside and proceeded on my way." Almost immediately he was at my side, grasped me by the arm, and naturally I stopped. Without releasing his hold, he began to tell me of a great scheme: He had a tract

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of cheap land in Maryland and had secured an option on a contract with the authorities of the City of Washington for the disposal of its garbage, and he proposed to buy up pigs to be fattened on the garbage at his Maryland farm--and thereby provide food for starving millions. All that was needed to guarantee success was a subsidy from the Department of Agriculture, and that it was up to me to lead him to the Secretary of Agriculture and secure that subsidy, because it was supremely urgent. I suggested diplomatically that he formulate his proposal in writing and address it to the Secretary of Agriculture and arrange for an interview later, but with that suggestion his eyes glittered and he insisted that I take him at once to see the Secretary. Realizing that I had already been so delayed that I would be late in keeping my appointment with the Secretary, I suddenly lost patience and, giving him a violent push and jerking loose from his grasp, I made my escape. I carried a heavy cane and when he started toward me I said sharply, "Sorry, Booth, but if you approach me I shall knock you down. I have to go. Good bye." He did not attempt to follow, and I kept my appointment only ten minutes late, for which I apologized by saying that I had been detained.

A few days later the chief clerk of my bureau brought me a letter that had been opened, apologizing therefor because there was nothing on the envelope to show that it was private. It was from Booth and was to the effect that he had befriended me when I was an employe of the War Department, that I owed everything to him, that I was ungrateful, and that he was preferring charges against me with a Senator friend of his with a view to my immediate discharge. I took the letter back to the chief clerk and

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On January 28 there was a heavy fall of snow and the Knickerbocker Theater in Washington collapsed, resulting in heavy loss of life. For several days the streets were blocked with snow and the government departments closed an hour or more earlier to enable the clerical force to reach their homes before darkness.

Pink Boll Worm Investigation

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worm from Mexico. Secretary Wallace, probably instigated by Dr. E.D.Ball, who had become Director of Scientific Work in the department and was a professional entymologist, although he did not stand very high in the estimation of the staff of the Bureau of Entymology, asked Dr.Taylor to have an economic survey made of the effects of the pink boll worm in Mexico where the insect had done its worst for many years, and from which it had escaped into Texas. Dr. Taylor passed the request on to me. I recommended without hesitation our Texas field agent, Mr. Shultz, who had grown up in New Mexico, understood Spanish, had spent a year or more in Mexico, had managed a large ranch manned by Mexican laborers, was a graduate of Cornell, and was one of our best crop statisticians. Apparently he was an ideal man for the job. Unfortunately he was not a graduate of the University of Wisconsin; he was of Jewish descent; he was a statistician and not a professional pseudo-economist; and he was mild mannered. At any rate, Dr.Taylor took a personal dislike to him the moment he saw him. But because I stood by my guns and insisted that Mr.Shultz was the one man in the government service best qualified to make the survey desired, Dr.Taylor did not have the nerve to overrule me, but he got around the difficulty by appointing Mr. Ernest Haskell, who was unknown to the department but highly recommended, as a coworker with Mr.Shultz. Both were competent and sensible enough to recognize each other's merits and to cooperate on a friendly basis. They spent about six months in the Mexican Laguna District, had the best of cooperation from the proprietors of large plantations, with the local authorities, and with a group of specialists from our Bureau of Entomology. They brought in a voluminous report, well written, complete and exhaustive, and beautifully illustrated

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with exquisite pen and ink drawings by Mr. Shutz's wife who was an artist, as well as by numerous charts and photographs. It was evident to me that they had done a very painstaking and thorough piece of work that was highly creditable, and I told them so. I personally presented the report to Dr. Taylor, called attention to its excellence, and suggested that the authors were deserving of commendation. All he said was, "Oh, that Jew and that fellow Haskell. Well, I don't want to see them. Tell them I am busy. Send the report over to Entomology." "But," I protested, "this report was ordered by and for the Secretary, not for the Bureau of Entomology." "Never mind," he replied, "the Secretary is not interested in bugs; send it to Entomology." So that was the fate of the report of results of a special investigation that cost the government several thousand dollars, just because of the personal dislike of the chief of bureau who had the power to pigeonhole it. Mr. Haskell was dropped from the rolls and Mr. Shutz[?] returned to his regular post. In course of time Mr. Shutz¹ left the service at a salary twice that of the chief of bureau who^{had} ~~disregarded his report~~ ignored his report, and Mr. Haskell went as agricultural adviser to the Persian government at a much higher salary than the aforesaid chief ever received.

Crop Estimating Methods.

7 In February also a special committee, composed of Mr. Doten, Prof. Persons, and Mr. W.I. King, well known statisticians, were brought in by the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate and report upon the organization, methods, and safeguards of the Crop Estimating Division. This investigation was undertaken upon the initiative of the Department in order to forestall a threatened investigation by Congress as the result of the violent criti-

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~~E-1082~~ 1011 *Note error in numbering*

cisim that followed the issuance of the December cotton estimate. It is needless to say that the members of this committee were well and favorably known to the statisticians of the Bureau and an investigation by them was welcome. After many conferences and a thorough study of the organization and system of crop estimating and of the numerous safeguards that had been devised to prevent errors, check inaccuracies, and avoid collusion or premature publication of results, and a special study of the causes that led to the unfortunate discrepancy in the cotton acreage estimate of 1921, the committee fully endorsed everything the Bureau had done, was doing, or contemplated doing in future, with the further recommendation that mechanical means should be sought for measuring area and production, and that ~~ing~~ the publication of results should be given the mathematical limits of probable error. The report attracted very little attention, but was effective in silencing criticism and threats of Congressional investigation.

As a matter of fact the recommendations of the special committee of experts were never carried out because they were and still are impracticable. The mathematical calculation of probable error is impracticable because of the pressure under which the crop reports are made and issued, as well as the enormous number of individual items.

Several attempts have been made to devise mechanical means for checking the accuracy of the estimates, especially of areas planted and harvested. One was a recording device attached to the dashboard of an automobile and operating on the principle of a speedometer. The automobiles used by the field agents on their inspection trips were equipped with this device to which were attached a number of keys, one for each crop,

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on the dashboard. As the field agent traveled over a selected route, with one eye he scanned the road and with one hand steered his car; with the other eye he scanned the landscape and pressed and released a key on the dashboard for each crop passed, and the device automatically registered the distance traversed opposite each field. It was assumed that the field agent could do this accurately, that one dimension of the fields along the roadside represented their relative size, and that they in turn were representative of all fields beyond the range of vision, and that the numbers recorded by the device would show the relative areas in different crops. Of course these were violent assumptions and the results were disappointing, if not worthless, although ^{none of the} ~~few~~ field agents in service ^{had} ~~have~~ the courage to say so when his official superior instructed ^{ed} him to continue to use the device--because it makes ^d such fine publicity and silence ^d criticism, which ^{was} ~~is~~ its principal value. Aside from the obviously fatal defect of getting a record of only one dimension of fields adjoining the route traveled and the assumption that that one dimension is representative of all farms in the zone traversed, is the difficulty of driving the car, ~~and manipulating~~ observing, and manipulating a set of keys. If any one wants to test this out, let him drive his car over a selected route of say one hundred miles; drive with one hand, ~~hold a watch in the~~ other, keep an eye on the road, keep the other eye on ~~one~~ the fields on one side of the road only, and as he passes the beginning of a field call out to himself the ~~minute and second~~, then ~~call out~~ whether it is a field of wheat, oats, rye, barley, clover, timothy, apple orchard, peach orchard, meadow, or woodland, ~~and then call out the minute and second when he passes~~ from one field to another--and keep this up for one hundred miles.

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As already noted the principal value of this device is for publicity and the silencing of ~~uninformed~~ ^{uninformed} criticism. But, unfortunately, it is worse than ~~was~~ unnecessary expense and waste of time because the field agent is so absorbed and bedevilled in trying to operate the device that his value as an expert judge of crop conditions and relative proportions is for the time being lost. Without the device he could drive through a given section and with a bird's eye view be able to say instantly and definitely whether the area in any given crop was larger or smaller than last year and about how much, and in addition whether its condition was excellent, good, or poor, and the probable yield. Human judgment, based on long observation and experience, for crop estimating purposes is quite as accurate as mechanical devices and a thousand times quicker and less expensive. I have met hundreds of farmers, buyers, and agricultural experts who could almost instantly judge the size of a field of any shape, the yield of any crop, or the weight and quality of any number of beef animals, or hogs, within a fraction of one percent, and yet to verify these expert judgments by mechanical means, measuring and weighing, would require much time and involve much expense, and be little if any more accurate.

Another method of estimating the relative areas in different crops was by the use of airplanes and cameras for photographing strips across country. This, of course, was utterly impracticable, because of excessive expense and the difficulty of identifying the crops shown in the photographs, as well as other difficulties, and after considerable expenditure of public money for airplanes, photographs, and publicity, it was wisely abandoned and sunk into deserved oblivion.

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E-121085.
Agricultural Price Remedies.

7 During the spring of 1922 there was much discussion of ways and means of helping farmers to overcome the disparity between the prices they received for their products and the prices they had to pay for everything they had to buy. One of the schemes brought forward about this time was one advocated by a Mr. Johnson and a Mr. Peek, which contemplated a very high tariff against agricultural imports so as to give American farmers a monopoly of the American market, the greatest of all markets, ~~and~~ ^{an} an export corporation with governmental backing to dump our agricultural surpluses on foreign markets ~~at~~ for whatever they would bring, and a system of assessing the loss on exports against the farmers benefitting from the resulting higher prices on the domestic market. There were variations and modifications of this scheme that were discussed in conferences by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, usually with caution, suspicion, and disfavor, that were later embodied in the McNary-Haugen bill. I never had the good fortune to meet Mr. ~~McNary~~ McNary, but I met Mr. Haugen often and knew him well, and regarded him as an exceptionally stupid country banker who owed his position mainly to the fact that his voting constituency was under financial obligation to him, and anything he favored I would instinctively oppose.

In February we had our hearing before the appropriations committee. Secretary Wallace personally appeared before the committee on behalf of two items in which I was particularly interested, an increase in the appropriation for the foreign statistical service and for an enlarged program for livestock reporting.

Hoover's Reorganization Scheme.

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the Bureau of Agricultural Economics would be transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Commerce. I at once prepared a memorandum setting forth the reasons why such a transfer should not be made, and then from defense I proceeded to attack by listing a number of administrative units^{es} in other departments that, on the principle of related activities, should be transferred to the Department of Agriculture, such as the General Land Office, the Office of Indian Affairs, the Reclamation Service, the Bureau of Fisheries, and the Geological Survey, for example, and at a conference in the office of the Director of Scientific Work I advocated that the Department of Agriculture should start a back fire of publicity along these lines in opposition to the blatant publicity of Mr. Hoover's underlings in the Department of Commerce, where all the fire and smoke originated. However, while my chief of bureau^{and} colleagues agreed with me, they were timorous and had cold feet, and Dr. E.D. Ball and Dr. H.C. Taylor were outspokenly opposed, preferring strategy, silence, and a watchful waiting policy. All of which to me was disgustingly pusillanimous. Then it was that I began to sense that I was regarded as radical and unsafe so far as the Department of Agriculture was concerned.

Toward the close of February I appeared with Dr. Ball before the Appropriations Committee in connection with the item for the contribution of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture.

Also because of the public criticism of our potato estimates Dr. Taylor asked me to take personal charge of the administration of the Crop Estimates Division which, since my transfer to the Bureau of Markets the previous spring had been under Mr. Nat C. Murray.

W. C. Murray.

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In March there were many meetings of the seed loan committee, the statistical committee, and many special committees, ^{each} one of which consumed considerable time with a similar committee from the Weather Bureau trying to agree upon a form of joint publication of weather and crop notes, the Weather Bureau observers seeming to suffer from a chronic desire to venture into the field of crop estimating.

The question of utilizing county agents and rural mail carriers in the crop estimating service again came up for reconsideration, involving interviews with the officials in charge.

7 *Seed Grain Loans.*
On March 20 Congress passed another seed grain loan appropriation for the northwestern states, the Secretary of Agriculture approved the regulations prepared by the seed grain loan committee of which I was chairman, and upon my recommendation Mr. Nils E. Olsen was placed in charge of the field office~~s~~ at Grand Forks, North Dakota. I recall the circumstances of Mr. Olsen's selection for this important post. Mr. Warburton and I were looking about for a competent man to place in charge of the field office, one of whose qualifications should be familiarity with the people and agricultural conditions of the region to be served. Through inquiry in the Office of Farm Management I ascertained that Mr. Olsen was such a man. I sent for him and was favorably impressed. He was quiet and unassuming and up to that time unknown in the department outside of a few associates in his immediate office. I explained what the administration of the field office in charge of the active administration of the seed grain loans would involve and said that he seemed to be the man best qualified to undertake its administration. The offer did not appeal to him because it would interfere with his agricultur-

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al history studies. That was a critical moment in his career, because whether he realized it then or since, I was impatient at his app^arent hesitation and obtuseness and I said rather testily, "Dammit all can't you see that it is a damsite more important to make agricultural history ~~than~~ in the living present than to grope about uncertainly for fragments of information about conditions in the past that nobody knows or cares particularly about," and then, somewhat impatiently, I outlined to him the ABC of the situation and the one opportunity of a lifetime for a student of agricultural history not only to participate in making history but through the questionnaires the applicants for loans were required to sign, intimate interviews with those applicants, and an office force and equipment to tabulate dat^a~~a~~, to make more progress in agricultural history in six months than he could hope to accomplish in six years by any other means. He was ~~ix~~ intelligent enough to see the point, reluctantly accept the assignment, make good at it, win the notice and approcal of the Secretary of Agriculture, and later become chief of the important Bureau of Agricultural Economics. That is why I have felt that his advancement to his present position was due largely to the impatient and somewhat petulant advice I gave him at our first interview--because at the time his characteristic Scandinavian caution, hesitation, and apparent stupidity, angered me.

Zero hour.

7 Towards the close of March came an experience which I have thought of as a sort of zero hour. For some weeks I had been overworking and was physically run down and mentally discouraged. I spent Saturday and Sunday at Sunny Hill Farm where I caught a severe cold that seemed to settle in my eyes so that my vision was impaired. I visited my father and found him much worse, so much worse that it seemed clear to me that he could not long

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survive, the one person whom I loved most dearly, who had recently retired from a long, active, and valiant life of hard work and strenuous endeavor, and whom I had looked forward to seeing spend his declining years in comparative ease and comfort. ~~I~~ With impaired vision and aching eyes I drove to Washington in the early morning through a dense, cold fog, my eyes burning, my heart heavy, and my mind full of conflicting thoughts. On arriving at the office I found a telegram from my friend, Mr. Russell, former statistician ~~for~~ the Grain Corporation, alleging a leak in the bureau and demanding to know when the grain report was issued for publication. I wired at once that an immediate and thorough investigation would be~~n~~ made and ~~asking~~^{ed} for every scrap of information in his possession. Then I walked across to the old administrative building in which the Crop Estimating Division, my old Bureau of Crop Estimates, was still housed. I called together my old advisory committee of chiefs of division, my very dear friends, read the telegram to them, reminded them of the seriousness of the charge of a leak, and asked them what they knew about it. They professed complete ignorance. Just then a summons came by messenger from the Assistant Secretary, Dr. Ball. I ~~charged~~^{asked} Mr. ~~Murray~~^{ay}, chief of the division, to follow up all possible clues to a leak in the crop reports, and answered the summons

When I entered I saw that Dr. Ball was in a bad humor and, for the first time openly hostile. He held in his hand a paper I had prepared for his use in connection with the appropriation estimates in which I had listed the lump sum reductions in the appropriations for the Bureau of Crop Estimates since the war period. Although the ~~facts~~^c and figures I cited were matters of public record and legislation, he proceeded to reprimand me severe-

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ly for submitting false and misleading figures. Patiently I suggested that the memorandum he had in his hand related solely to lump sum appropriations and was absolutely correct, and that he had been in the service long enough to understand the difference between lump sum appropriations and statutory salary appropriations; if not, he'd better resign. I challenged him to point out a single specific error or misstatement in the memorandum I had submitted. Then he jumped to the December cotton report that had brought much criticism on the department. I expressed regret, but challenged him to refer to the printed report of the hearings before the Appropriations Committee where I told the committee that if the inadequate appropriation for the crop estimates was reduced I would not be responsible for their accuracy. Then he referred to my opposition to consolidating all the mimeograph~~ic~~ and other duplicating machinery of the department under an ambitious chief of publicity and denounced as false my statement that the records showed that two multigraph machines in my bureau were occupied full time and turned out more work than than all the other duplicating machines in the department combined. I suggested that any statement I or he made was immaterial, it was simply a matter of record. ~~Tired~~, Then he said that Secretary Wallace had lost all confidence in me. Tired, sick, and exasperated, I, the worm, turned. I said, "That's quite enough. We will end this discussion right here and now. I will write my resignation and you will do the same. We will both and together lay these resignations before Secretary Wallace and answer any questions he may ask. His decision will be final and conclusive. How about it? If not, I will see him at once." He was white and drawn~~in~~ in the face and immediately began to temporize and apologize and it became apparent that the last thing he wanted was

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a personal ^{face} ~~face~~ to face interview with Secretary Wallace in my presence, and he begged that I overlook the matter. Standing up before him, sick at heart, I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "for the sake of peace in our official family I am willing to keep quiet for the present, notwithstanding your cowardly ~~and false~~ accusations and insinuations, which I believe to be utterly false, especially as you are not man enough to have a showdown right here and now, but ~~if~~ you must understand once and for all that if I hear that you have directly or indirectly repeated what you have been mean enough to say to me I will personally see that your official career ends withⁱⁿ twenty four hours or as soon thereafter as the necessary papers can be drawn up." That was a painful and humiliating statement to make, but Dr. Ball who up to that time had posed as a friend and from that time I assumed was an implacable enemy, never, so far as I knew, violated the conditions I imposed upon him at that time. That was my zero hour--physical and mental suffering, a charge from a respected friend that there had been a leak in the crop estimating service, and a charge ~~that~~ from the man next in rank to the head of the department that I had made false statements and was unworthy of confidence, to all of which my reaction was Fight, a fight based on a sense of injustice.

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Alleged Leak in Crop Estimates .

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7 Upon returning to my office I found a telegram from Mr. Russell giving the name of a firm with headquarters in Chicago as the one that had published the grain stock figures in advance of official publication by the Bureau. I obtained an immediate interview with Secretary Wallace, showed him the telegraphic correspondence with Mr. Russell, advised him that I had started a thorough investigation in the bureau itself, and proposed that I go at once to Chicago and start an investigation from that end through the Chicago Board of Trade. He gave his prompt and full approval. I at once telegraphed Mr. MacDougal, president of the Board of Trade, that I would call upon him the next morning on a matter of importance, and left that afternoon for Chicago.

I arranged the next morning by telephone for a definite appointment and when I arrived at the Board of Trade was met by Mr. MacDougal, who said that he had called a meeting of the board of directors, and we found them waiting for us in the board room. The meeting was called to order and I was introduced and invited state the matter that had brought me to Chicago.

I said in effect: "Gentlemen, I think you will agree with me that the value of the crop reports depends not only upon their completeness and accuracy but also upon the integrity of the bureau responsible for them and, above all, in the public confidence in them and in the bureau, and in the safeguards adopted to prevent any individual from obtaining advance information regarding them. So jealous is Congress of the integrity of the crop estimating bureau that it has provided by statute severe penalties for the disclosure of crop report information prior to official publication. You understand perhaps better than I do the unfair advantage any dealer in grain or cotton would have

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over his competitors if he could obtain advance information concerning the government's estimate of any of the speculative crops, such as cotton or wheat, for example. For this reason I come to you in perfect confidence that ~~you~~, the Chicago Board of Trade and all other similar bodies that provide facilities for trading in farm commodities, are just as much interested in ferreting out leaks and in stopping them and in protecting the good name of the bureau and in maintaining public confidence in the crop reports as the Bureau itself."

Then I read the telegrams from Mr. Russell, stated the measures I had taken to find out the source of the leak in the bureau, and asked their cooperation in ascertaining from the brokerage firm that got the information as to just how they got it and from whom, because it seemed a simpler and better way to get at the facts than to call upon the Secret Service and Department of Justice. I added, "Gentlemen, the crop estimating service must be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. I propose to run this thing down regardless of time or expense. You can help and I therefore ask your cooperation in a matter that concerns the Chicago Board of Trade as much as it does the Bureau." I suggested that they obtain from the Chicago firm the name of its Washington representative, communicate that name to me, and ask the firm to instruct him to talk freely and frankly with me when I called upon him.

When I thanked them and sat down, the chairman arose and, smiling upon his colleagues, said he thought I had paid them a great compliment in coming to them in full confidence that I would have their cooperation and he was sure his colleagues would join him in seeing that my confidence was not misplaced. A formal motion was at once adopted instructing one of the members who

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knew the head of the firm that had obtained and published the advance data, obtain the information I desired, and transmit it to me at Washington.

The next morning when I reached my office I had a telegram giving the name and address of the Washington correspondent who had obtained the information for the Chicago firm, and within an hour Mr. Murray and I were sitting in his office and, in accordance with instructions from his Chicago firm he told us how he got the information. He said that after getting a telegram from his firm to obtain for them the government estimate of stocks of oats in mills and elevators, he called up the Department of Agriculture and, after being switched from one phone to another, a woman's voice answered, and after stating what he wanted the voice asked him to wait a moment, and then a man's voice responded and read off the figures to him. He assured us that he had not the remotest idea who gave him the figures over the telephone.

Returning to the bureau we called in the clerks who handled the mill and elevator reports, but none of them could remember the incident. Circumstantial evidence pointed strongly to Dr. Jones, ~~a~~ dear, hardworking, faithful, honest Dr. Jones, the last man on earth to betray a trust. He could not remember anything more than that he was working under great pressure that day, and reminded us that Oats were not included in the list of speculative crops, did not come under the regulations safeguarding them, and that if any one called up by telephone about oats any and every employe of the Bureau would feel free and under obligation to give the latest information available regardless of whether it had been published or not. This was true; no rule or regu-

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lation had been violated, and nothing remained but to report the facts to the Secretary and suggest that oats be placed on the prescribed list, along with wheat, corn, cotton, and tobacco.

Unfortunately, Secretary Wallace showed a strong disposition to punish Dr. Jones. The moment I perceived this I protested vigorously that it would be highly unjust and unworthy of any man holding the position of Secretary of Agriculture to punish a faithful employe on mere suspicion, on a charge that could not be proved, for an act that was part of the daily routine under the ~~xxx~~ regulations of the department approved by his predecessors, and that to try to make a new decision retroactive was simply unthinkable because it was so manifestly unjust and contrary to law and the Constitution. The next day Dr. Taylor asked about the oat stocks leak and after I explained what had been done he expressed his unqualified approval, but said the Secretary still thought that Dr. Jones should be dismissed. Some months ~~it~~ later when a list ^{that had been} ~~was~~ made up of employes to be promoted, including the name of Dr. Jones, was sent to the Secretary, it came back approved, but the name of Dr. Jones was stricken out, which I thought and still think was most unjust.

Miscellaneous

7 On April 1st I and my wife attended a reunion of project leaders at the residence of Dr. Taylor near Falls Church. On the 6th I received an anonymous letter saying that my name had been included in a list of government officials slated for dismissal in the Attorney General's Office. I ignored the letter and never heard anything more about it.

On the 10th I attend^d a conference of bureau chiefs in the Secretary's office in which the Secretary denied the current rumor that the President and Cabinet were considering placing

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all government positions with salaries of \$3,000 and over under the spoils system.

On the 13th I went with a group of bureau officials to inspect the warehouses ~~and~~ in Alexandria and witness a demonstration of hay grading.

On the 15th I attended a luncheon given by bureau officials in honor of Prof. Ely.

On the 20th Mr. ^{Nat C.} Murray and Dr. ^{L. C.} Gray left for Europe to attend the meeting of the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, ^{both having been designated upon my recommendation.} Also the Division of Crop Estimates began moving from their quarters in the old administration building on the grounds of the department to the building at the southeast corner of 14th and B Streets, S.W., which was connected by a bridge with the building occupied by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of which it was now a part.

On May 1 I went with Mr. Gage to the University of Maryland to see Dr. Symonds, in charge of the Maryland Extension Service, with reference to office space and equipment for the Maryland field agent of the bureau, under a cooperative agreement combining the federal and state crop reporting services.

On the 9th I addressed a meeting of State marketing officials. The next day I addressed a visiting class from some state college. On the 12th I attended a birthday luncheon ^{given to Secy. Wallace} at the Cosmos Club given by department officials.

7 On the 15th I had a telephone ^{Death of Father} message from mother saying that father passed away early that morning. I dropped everything and with my family drove out to Frederick and was at the farm in a few hours. I had been with father the day before and then realized that the ~~end~~ ^{end} was near ~~and~~ ^{and} that there was nothing to be done but wait, so that instead of a shock I felt relieved be-

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cause it meant relief from severe suffering and was what he most wished for. My only regret, other than that he could not have lived a few years longer, was in having urged him some months previously to undergo treatment at Johns Hopkins. It was ^{unnecessarily} a cruel treatment, utterly ineffective, and very expensive. After witnessing this case, and other cases that came under my observation, I became firmly convinced that after a person reaches the age of seventy cruel treatment in the hope of prolonging life a few months or years is not justified and that the patient should be allowed to die in peace with such comforts and easments as can be afforded.

I took charge of the necessary arrangements and two days later we saw him laid away in his last resting place in Mt. Olivet Cemetery on the outskirts of Frederick in a plot plainly visible from Sunny Hill Farm. I did not grieve over the event because death is inevitable and it came to him as a relief from suffering, but I missed him sorely because for forty years or more we were like brothers, there being a difference of only twenty years in our ages. We were alike in disposition, thought alike, and as the years passed we came to look alike, and the older I grew the better I understood and sympathized with him, feeling that had I been in his place I would have acted as he did.

He was small in stature, but muscular and quick in action, impulsive, quick tempered, kindly, courageous, cheerful and always looking upon the bright side of life, full of feeling for those he loved but a little shy and awkward in expressing it, endowed with physical and moral courage to an unusual degree, when his emotions or sense of justice were involved, but somewhat diffident and easy going and inclined to let things take their course in competition with others when his sense of jus-

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tice and fairness made him feel that others were equally or better entitled to consideration than him. All his life he had worked hard to make a living and save enough to pay for a home and a competence in his old age, but generous in spending little surpluses that he accumulated from time to time, always trying to get a little joy out of life at every opportunity, and all his married life subjected to reproaches for not asserting himself and picking fortunes off of bushes, with jealous reactions from his wife if he so much as looked at another woman with approval--and he had an eye for feminine beauty and attractiveness.

I was especially disappointed because I had seen him and mother settled in a little village home in which they could live very comfortably on his Civil War pension, with orchard, gardens, poultry, and a horse and carriage, within easy driving distance of my place and of Frederick, and I had looked forward to seeing them spend their declining years together peacefully and happily.

His malady was a peculiar one, a restriction of the aesophagus which gradually closed so as to prevent his taking food. The only means of overcoming the difficulty suggested by the doctors was to ram a metal rod two feet long with a bulb at the end down his throat every day to open a passage to the stomach. I was with him ~~the~~ on the first visit to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore when ex-ray photographs were taken and saw him strapped to the waist and kept waiting in a cold room for an hour by my watch, and when the doctor finally came he had to swallow a pint of magnesia chalk so that the passage to his stomach would show up in the photograph. I was with him on his second visit when six metal rods, each with a larger bulb at the end to increase the opening in the aesophagus, were rammed down his throat in a

most cruel and brutal manner (or shall I say business-like manner?) Of course both father and I understood quite as well as the doctors and nurses that if the job were to be done at all it should be done quickly, and it was, after the thing started. But it was cruel to experience and cruel to witness--~~and~~ and wholly ineffective--just so much additional artificial pain with nothing to show for it. For the two operations a charge of nearly \$200 was made. He was instructed to take radio treatment at the Frederick hospital every two or three days. ~~XMe~~This consisted of ramming a plunger down his throat with a bulb at the end containing a trace of radium. He took one treatment and rebelled. When I saw him a few days later and asked him about it he replied, with a gleam of the old fire in his eyes, "I'll be damned if the doctors have another chance at me. What do you think about it, Lee?" "Well, father," I replied, "I want to see you get well perhaps more than you do yourself, but if ever I get in the same situation I'll shoot any doctor or anybody else that tries to ram a rod two feet long with a knob on the end of it down my throat. We've all got to die sooner or later and I'd rather die right now or any time than to submit to such treatment for the sake of maybe living a little longer. Life simply isn't worth it. Let death come in a natural way, when and where it will, and welcome because it means rest, eternal rest, and an end of all worry and sorrow. But why pay for the privilege of being tortured by doctors in the process." He replied, with a warm grasp of the hand, "Thank you, Lee; I knew you would understand; that is what I wanted to hear you say, because it is what I think. I'm through with sword swallowing." From that day forward he slowly starved to death. Because of his intense patriotism and pride in his Civil War service his grave is marked with the simple headstone sup-

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plied by the War Department.

As the years pass I realize that my memories of him become more tender, certain incidents and characteristics have faded into a dim background as something nonessential, and there stands out in clear relief his daring, his courage, his friendliness, his companionableness, his comradeship, ⁱhis sympathetic desire to help others, his spontaneous joy in the brighter things of life, his sense of justice and fairness, his scorn of cant and hypocrisy, his shrewd common sense, his tolerance, and a certain bashful quality that lasted through life. He went through life as an agnostic, but respecting the religious beliefs of others, and went to his grave calmly and with a smile.

I am thankful that I shared his agnosticism and have been spared the mental and emotional strains and stresses of doubtful creeds and doctrines and that, like him, I have simply looked forward to death as a natural cessation of all cares and responsibilities and the beginning of eternal rest. If there be no future life, nothing can trouble us after death. If there be a future life, it will unquestionably be a natural one and a wonderful experience. In any event ~~the~~ whatever comes after what we call death certainly does not depend in the slightest degree on what any one thinks about it in this life.

And so after that conversation we had about the doctors and their ramrod torture, we both understood that the matter was definitely settled, neither referred to it again, and both smiled at each other and told cheerful stories and anecdotes and discussed neighborhood gossip in the customary matter of fact way. Only by a warmer clasp of the hand and an understanding look on parting did we signal to each other that we both understood. I hope that when my time comes I may go as bravely,

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7

Sunny Hill Picnic.

Early in May before father's death my wife and I had decided to have a picnic at Sunny Hill Farm on Memorial Day and to issue a general invitation to my associates in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and their families. A notice was circulated in the Bureau asking those who intended to come to signify their acceptance so we would know how many to provide for. A few days before the event I took my family to the farm and we were very busy with preparations. I had the hired man clear out some of the old wood roads and construct some large pine tables. Some chickens were baked and other provisions provided, including several gallons of ^{pure} ~~ice~~ cream, several crates of large ripe strawberries, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ cakes, and an ample supply of ice cream. I rented a supply of crockery from a city store.

The morning of the 30th I took mother to the cemetery and we decorated father's grave with flags and peonies. On the way back I tacked up cardboard signs along the road for the guidance of our visitors. The weather was ideal and Sunny Hill and the surrounding country never looked more attractive. There was an abundance of peonies, iris and other flowers.

The visitors began to arrive shortly before noon and kept coming until about 1 p.m., some having been delayed by tire or engine trouble. By one o'clock we had a gathering of 85 from Washington and several of our neighbors. The table for serving was set in a grassy driveway overlooking Frederick and the Valley, and the guests stood or sat about as they choose. The balminess of the air, the sunshine and beauty of the surroundings, the novelty of the situation, and the fact that most of them

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were acquainted with each other, made it an occasion to be remembered. When the time came for our guests to leave each of the ladies was given a dozen or more beautiful peonies.

7

Miscellaneous.

In June Dr. Taylor informed me that my name was included in a list of promotions sent over to the Secretary for approval, but nothing came of it--probably because the list was referred to Dr. E. D. Ball, then Director of Scientific Work.

On the 21st there was a conference with Dr. Taylor, Mr. Callendar, and Prof. Warren, on the question of appointing a permanent delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture. It was suggested that some one be appointed for a year, to be followed by my appointment to the position, and before we adjourned it was agreed to ask Mr. Asher Hobson to accept the appointment with that understanding.

On the 26th Messrs. Murray and Gray returned from Europe and gave an interesting account of their trip and the conditions they had observed.

On July 3 there was another meeting of the President, his Cabinet, and the administrative officials of the government, to consider economies in the budget.

7

Meetings of Field Agents.

On the 15th I left Washington with Mr. Gage for Denver. The next morning our train was an hour late in reaching South Chicago and we knew that the Rock Island train that we were to take had already left the uptown station. At the suggestion of the conductor we got off at the South Chicago station and found the streets deserted at that early hour. After telephoning frantically we finally got a taxicab that broke the speed limits in getting us to the junction at Englewood, for which the robber charged us five dollars, although the distance

were disappointed with each other, made it an occasion to be remem-

bered. When the time came for our guests to leave each of the

✓ *Mr. Estabrook usually fine memory slipped a cog here. Ladies were given a box of more or less*

The taxi charge was \$2 but neither he nor I had In June Dr. Taylor informed me that my name was included

anything smaller than a five dollar bill, as in a list of promotions sent over to the Secretary for approval

lost enough to make up \$2. The train was ready to pull out, and since the taxi driver said he

ferred to \$1.00, then Director of Scientific Work

could not change the \$1.00 bill, Mr. E. gave him On the list there was a conference with Dr. Taylor, Mr. Estabrook +

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the robber charged us five dollars, although the distance

was only 10 miles.

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was short and the time about three minutes. Our train was standing on the track on a viaduct which we had to climb with our heavy suitcases. Out of breath we hoisted our baggage on the rear platform and climbed on as the train gathered speed.

During the daylight ride we saw some magnificent fields of corn in Illinois and Iowa, and passed through Des Moines at sunset.

The next morning we awoke in western Kansas and saw thousands of acres of ripened wheat still uncut. In the afternoon we were out in the open dryland country and passed through a sudden squall that darkened the sky and atmosphere, lowered the temperature twenty or more degrees in a few minutes, while for about ten minutes rain fell in torrents, changing to the staccato rattle of heavy hailstones that pelted our train like a stream of bullets from machine guns. In less than an hour the only trace of the flurry was a black cloud low on the eastern horizon. We arrived at Denver three hours late that evening, where we found assembled most of the field agents of the Mountain States, as well as Mr. Tenny and several representatives of the Live Stock Division of our bureau.

The 17th was spent in discussing a tentative program for estimating and reporting livestock in the western country where conditions are quite different from those in the East.

On the 18th, meeting in the Federal Building, we had with us representatives of the railways, officials of the livestock associations, state institutions and editors, to whom we explained our purposes and plans, solicited their constructive criticism and cooperation, and called upon each in turn to give us the benefit of his knowledge, experience, and point of view. They responded freely and generously. At noon Mr. Murray, who had

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come by another train, and I had luncheon with Mr. Tomlinson, Secretary of the Lifestock Association. A similar session was held in the afternoon, followed by a third session in the evening of our people to agree upon the final form of our proposed livestock reporting system in the Mountain States.

The next morning our party visited Look Out Mountain, the grave of Buffalo Bill, and enjoyed the mountain scenery which is unsurpassed in the world. In the afternoon our Colorado Field Agent, Mr. Putnam, took Mr. Murray and I in his car over the city. We saw the business section, some fine residences, beautiful parks, and magnificent scenery. That evening I left for the East.

The next morning, the 20th, I had breakfast at Dodge City, Kansas. That ^{afternoon} ~~evening~~ I met Messrs. Piper and Morrison of the Cap-per publications at Topeka, and that evening changed cars at Kansas City. The remainder of the journey to Washington was hot, dusty, and tiresome.

On the 24th I gave a short talk before the bureau council and also the departmental council, summarizing the results of my western trip.

The next day I received a printed copy of my address at the New Orleans meeting on the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and a copy of a magazine containing an article I had written by request of the editor.

Early August brought a succession of committee meetings and conferences.

On the 4th I dictated a letter for the signature of the Secretary of Agriculture to the Secretary of State recommending the appointment of Mr. Asher Hobson as permanent delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture.

On the 9th I prepared a formal statement regarding the cotton reports of the bureau for the Congressional Record. The following day I prepared a report on the status of the seed grain loans for the Secretary.

Potato Estimates

7

On August 12 I left for Buffalo, arriving the next morning, where I was met by a group of northern and eastern field agents. There had been much adverse criticism of our spring estimate of potato stocks by a number of potato dealers. I had the estimate thoroughly reviewed by the potato specialists and statisticians of the department who decided that no change was justified. While a carefull analysis of the ~~data~~ in our possession seemed to satisfy all dealers and others who wrote in about it, nevertheless our field agent for the New England States was so impressed by the criticisms he heard in his territory that he insisted, and was persistent in his insistence, that the Bureau ~~should~~ officials should meet our critics face to face. I had reluctantly consented to call such a meeting at Buffalo, and had with me a group from the Washington office, including Dr. Stuart, the potato specialist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, all loaded with statistical data to substantiate the report that was under criticism, and the field agents from the principal potato producing states. Hundreds of invitations had been sent to potato growers and dealers, state officials, and editors of papers that had printed the criticisms. We had with us sufficient ammunition to annihilate all the critics that could be mustered in the United States and were ready for business on the morning of my arrival, but curiously enough the New England field agent who was primarily responsible for the meeting was a day late in arriving. Inasmuch as I expected him to serve as spokesman for the critics whose cause he was espousing, I postponed the formal

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meeting until evening and proposed that our party proceed to Niagara and view the falls, which we did. That evening an informal meeting was held in the hotel, but without our New England agent.

The next morning our group met at the appointed time and place, but neither our New England Agent nor a single potato critic or representative of a potato firm was present. I opened the meeting at the appointed time, expressed regret at the complete absence of the people responsible for bringing us to Buffalo, and said that perhaps the time might be profitably utilized by having the Washington group from headquarters explain to the field agent group from the potato states just how the incoming reports had been handled and the results. This was done and the meeting resolved itself into a very interesting seminar on potato estimating.

During the forenoon from my seat on the platform I saw our New England agent enter and take a back seat. I felt extremely provoked because of the very fact that he was an able, exceptionally hard working, and dependable field agent, and yet he had misled us and was a day late in arriving at the meeting called especially for his benefit. At the first opportunity I declared that part of the program suspended while we listened to our distinguished colleague from the supremely important States east of the ~~Nix~~ mighty Hudson, and I asked Mr.X. to kindly come forward where all could see him. And then I proceeded to give him a very bad half hour.

The colloquy that followed was about as follows, as I remember it:

I said, "Mr.X., do you recall writing a series of letters to me criticising severely the potato stocks report of the

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Crop Reporting Board, certain other letters to the effect that there ^awa almost universal criticism of the potato report by dealers, growers, and editors throughout your territory, and certain other letters inclosing clippings from New England newspapers, certain other letters arguing against the analytical answers that were sent to you, and certain other letters suggesting and even demanding that ~~we~~ the officials of the Bureau should meet these critics face to face, do you remember?"

He responded that he remembered having written letters about it, but not how many or their dates.

"That's easy," I said, and reaching into my briefcase ~~wi~~ I withdrew the entire correspondence, "here they all are, each bearing your signature, and attached to each is a copy of the courteous and complete reply sent to you. Look at them, if you wish to do so. And do you remember that I asked you to send me a list of all the critics of our potato report in New England, their names and post office addresses. Here is the list, do you recognize it?" He did.

Turning to Dr. Jones of my bureau, I said, "Doctor, do~~r~~ you recognize this list, and did you mail an invitation to every name on it, as well as to other lists?" Dr. Jones responded th~~a~~t he did and had.

"Now, Mr. X." I said, "please look over the audience in this room and ~~xxxxxx~~ point out to me every potato grower, every potato dealer, and every editor of a newspaper that published a criticism against our bureau, ~~xx~~ and kindly introduce him so that I may give him the privilege of the floor to tell us exactly what is wrong with our potato report." He glanced hastily over the audience and saw none, because there was none.

He could only say, "There don't seem to be any."

"What is your explanation, in view of the fact that they were all cordially invited to be present?" I asked.

"Perhaps it's because the meeting wasn't held in New England," he replied.

"Dr. Jones," I said, "will you please read off the acreage and production of potatoes as a total for the New England States in comparison with the totals for New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota and North Dakota--just omit the other states that grow some potatoes." He did so.

"Now, Mr. X., as a field agent of our bureau it's your business to have at your fingers ends the figures that have just been read off to you. In the light of those figures I want you to tell us just why the New England ~~dog~~ tail should wag the potato dog of U.S.A., and why ~~the~~ our meeting should have been held in the relatively insignificant region of New England gardens rather than at a more central point. How about it?" By this time he was perspiring freely and was a little confused and could only murmur that he had not thought of that.

I suggested ~~that~~ it was his misfortune to have grown up in the East and ^{that} perhaps their ideas corresponded to the garden side of their rocky impoverished ~~farms~~ agriculture. I added, "what you seem to lack, Mr. X., and it's quite natural, considering your environment, is perspective and relativity. Now, I grew up in a State, Texas, that if placed east of the Mississippi ^{suppi} would react from New Orleans to Chicago and east to the Atlantic, and New England might be a respectable county among its 175 counties--and just remember that is only one State among 48, and all New England dosen't make one respectable state in any sense of the word. There's not another field agent in this room that

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does not represent a larger potato acreage and production than you do and that has not the same problems that you have, and yet not one of them pestered headquarters of the bureau with complaining correspondence and persistent insistence that we hold a meeting. Just let that sink in now and in the future. But, there is another question. Here is a copy of a letter I wrote to you and other field agents ~~xxxx~~ instructing you to be present in this room at 9 a.m. yesterday morning, a date and time certain. Every man in this room was in his seat at the hour and minute and date specified, except you--you the one ~~xxx~~ man most responsible for this meeting. What is your explanation."

Mr.X. was, of course, much perplexed, and all he could do was to say that he had a heavy correspondence, was overwhelmed with work, and had delayed to finish up.,

I said, "T^hat's a mighty poor excuse in the presence of field agents each of whom has a more important potato area than you to look after. Why, confound you, all the potatoes New England produces or can ever produce could be thrown into the sea and never be missed. But let it pass, I simply commend to you the study of the relative size of states, population, wealth, and agricultural areas and production. I do this because you have ability, industry, and seem to measure up to the requirements of backward and provincial New England. But, I have another question to ask, and it is this, did you stop to think of what your criticisms, protests, and insistence that we call a public meeting to settle the question of the accuracy of the Bureau's potato reports would cost the government and the taxpayers, including potato growers?"

"No," he confessed he had not. "Well," I said, "For your information I will say that my best estimate^{is} that it will cost

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information I will say that my best estimate that it will cost

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around \$2,000⁰ and I am only sorry that it can't be assessed ^aagainst your salary and ~~and~~ the New England disgruntled garden potato growers. Up to this time you have been a hardworking conscientious and very dependable worker for the Bureau. Otherwise this meeting would not have been called, and you would have been fired for lack of intelligence and insubordination. Now, it is up to you to dig out and look out, and realize that New England is simply an insignificant fly speck on the map of the United States, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~and I say this notwithstanding the fact that I am a New Englander by paternity and tradition, but have simply grown up outside of the New England back yard.~~ Now, I have two suggestions to make. First, if you have any ~~doubt~~ specific doubt as to the accuracy of the Bureau's report, state it and your ~~fel~~ colleagues are prepared to demolish and remove that doubt. Second, when you return to Yankeeland, ~~ask them~~ and see any potato grower or dealer or editor who was invited, at your suggestion, to attend this meeting, please ask him for me just why he did not come, because I want to know whether he changed his mind about the alleged error of the bureau, or was afraid, or was too stingy to spend money to come here, or whether his criticism and complaint was just plain grouch." We dispersed at noon and returned to our several stations.

Miscellaneous.

7 Towards the close of August I spent several evenings preparing a paper on "Cotton Marketing Reports," for use in a correspondence school ~~for~~ of marketing that Mr. Livingston, former chief of the Office of Markets, proposed to establish in Chicago. His idea was that since the ~~war~~ widespread interest had developed in the marketing of agricultural products, that his name and reputation as a marketing specialist would carry a certain prestige, that his former colleagues in the Department

of Agriculture and some of his acquaintances in the agricultural colleges would supply special papers to serve as texts, each to be written by a specialist who would later be paid for his service, and that he could get sufficient financial backing to make the enterprise a success. Unfortunately he was disappointed and the project fell through for want of the necessary funds.

About this time also there was considerable work to be done in connection with the proposed graduate study courses in the department.

On August 25 I took my family to Sunny Hill for the week end. On the way out I took Mr. Wolfe of the Secretary's office as far as Frederick, from which point he proposed to walk to Chicago. He made a practice of taking a walking tour in his annual vacations and writing about them afterwards. One of his walking trips was from Washington, through the Shenandoah Valley and as far as South Carolina, another through the New England States, and another through Ireland. He has probably taken other trips since.

Early in September we had a most agreeable visitor at the department, Mr. Lamont, from the agricultural college of South Africa. He spent a week or more visiting different branches of the department and studying organization and methods, and made many friends. Our statistical group gave a luncheon in his honor at the Cosmos Club. Later in the month we had several Japanese visitors from the Ministry of Agriculture at Tokio. Mr. Foley, our agricultural commissioner at London also spent a week in Washington and we had him and Mr. and Mrs. Murray take supper with us one evening.

I was designated to write reports on such diverse matters as office space, reimbursement for automobile hire by field

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men, about the quinquennial census to be taken in 1925, ^{and} proposed legislation making the issuance of false or misleading crop reports by private agencies a criminal offense.

In October I sat with a conference on economic crises, collecting and reporting necessary data during such periods, analyzing their causes and effects, and ultimately forecasting their occurrence, duration, and end.

On October 3 I appeared before the Budget Commission in the Treasury Department in support of the item for the collection of seed ^{grain} loans. The same day I addressed the assembled messenger boys of the Bureau ^{on} on the unusual opportunities they had for getting an education by attending the excellent night schools of Washington, contrasting the opportunities they had with those available when I was a boy, and pointing out the advantages they would have by qualifying themselves to pass out of the messenger class and into the clerical grades where promotion for meritorious service was almost automatic, whereas if they remained simply as messengers they could never hope for advancement. Received visits from a representative of the Jugoslavian government and two Russian agricultural technicians. Was designated as chairman of a committee to determine the form of our periodical publications "Weather, Crops, and Markets," and drafted a letter for the Secretary transmitting a United States flag to the International Institute of Agriculture.

On the 16th I attended the first ~~lecter~~ lecture of the post graduate course in economics by Dr.H.C.Taylor. The 17th at the Farm Hands Club luncheon heard an excellent talk on Danish agriculture by Mr. Sorrensen, agricultural attache of Denmark in Washington.

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Yugoslavian government and two Russian agricultural technicians. Was designated as chairman of a committee to determine the form of our periodical publications "Weather, Crops, and Markets," and drafted a letter for the Secretary transmitting a United States flag to the International Institute of Agriculture.

On the 10th I attended the first lecture of the post graduate course in economics by Dr. H. C. Taylor. The 17th at the Farm Hands Club luncheon heard an excellent talk on Danish agriculture by Mr. Sorenson, agricultural attaché of Denmark in Washington.

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E--1113.. *Seed Grain Loan Office*

7

On October 19 I left Washington to visit the seed grain loan office at Grand Forks, N.D. The 21st I spent at St. Paul and Minneapolis with our Minnesota field agent, Mr. Kirk. The following day I rode across the beautiful State of Minnesota, dotted with lakes, groves, and fine farms. The 23d I spent in the seed grain loan office with Mr. Olsen, who showed me his files and equipment and discussed the progress of the work. In the afternoon I was shown over a new million dollar grain elevator and mill that was nearing completion for the State, an enterprise in which the State government embarked when the farmers of North Dakota organized the Society of Equity and gained political control. Under their administration the state treasury became bankrupt and work on the great elevator had been suspended for a time. It was a large structure near a railroad siding and loomed large in its isolated situation on the flat prairie. It was supposed to be the last word in size, capacity, convenience, and modern equipment. I was much interested in watching several workmen installing the down-chutes that ran in a maze and at many different angles between the floors on which the flour mills were being installed. These chutes were made of thin clear boards and were put together with all the neatness of cabinet work. I was told that the workmen who made them were brought over from England, it being a lost art in the United States, and that the chutes were made of wood rather than metal in order to minimize the generation of frictional electricity that so often results in dust explosions and fires. The building itself was entirely of concrete and as nearly fire proof as possible.

That evening I left for Minneapolis where I spent the next day with Mr. Kirk in his office at St. Paul. I had supper and spent the evening with him and his family very pleasantly until about

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an hour before train time when I began to suggest that it was time for me to cross the city to the railway station. Mr. Kirk assured me that he would see that I reached the station in ample time. Out of politeness I acquiesced, but as the minutes passed I became more and more uneasy, renewed my suggestions, and finally he consented to accompany me to the trolley station. It was a walk of several blocks to a point where the next trolley car would stop. Ten minutes or more passed without seeing a car. It was only twenty minutes to train time, it was very dark, and I was somewhere on the outskirts between St. Paul and Minneapolis. I asked if it would be possible to get a taxi within five minutes and Mr. Kirk said he did not think so. Just then a trolley car came ambling along. With a hasty "good by and good luck" to my companion I climbed aboard. Slowly the car got under way. It stopped leisurely at various places. In about ten minutes we came to city streets and lights. Then there were frequent stops to pick up passengers. I asked the conductor if he thought he would pass the railway station in time for me to catch my train. He said he did not know, and by his manner showed that he was not interested. The minutes passed slowly and the car filled up. I watched for a taxi, but saw not a single one. As my time limit approached I edged my way to the rear platform. Slowly the car approached the railway station. Before it came opposite the entrance I saw the clock about to strike the minute my train was due to leave. I leaped off the rear step, ran across the intervening space and through the entrance, ran to the parcel room to get my baggage with pocket book in one hand a check in the other. Through the opening above the counter I could see no one at first, and then saw the tired attendant sitting to one

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side on a small box and half asleep. I cried out, "Please get my parcels quickly; I've got to catch this train," I said, holding out the checks and placing a half dollar on the counter. He arose sleepily, picked up the checks indifferently, and very deliberately got the suitcase and briefcase and slowly compared the checks and removed the tags. "Sorry," I said, "I asked for quick service and did not get it," and then I picked up the fifty cent piece and grabbed my baggage and ran to the gate. The attendant was just locking it, and looking through the iron bars I caught a glimpse of the rear platform of my train disappearing around a curve. For a moment I felt foolish, disappointed at having missed my train and lost ^{ing} my sleeper reservation, and inclined to blame Mr. Kirk for his mistaken sense of hospitality that had cause^d it all and given me such an unpleasant half hour. However, I found that another train was to leave at midnight and that I could have a sleeper reservation, and still reach Chicago in ample time to make my connection.

The next day In Chicago I looked into a secondhand book store and bought a copy of "Main Street" by Sinclair Lewis, which I read on the trip to Washington.

7

The Argentine Contrast.

The day after my return Mr. Carlos Vallejo of the Argentine Embassy called at my office to see me. He said that Dr. LeBreton, former Argentine Ambassador at Washington, had been appointed Minister of Agriculture in Argentina and among the first things he wished to do was to have its Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics reorganized along the lines of our bureau in Washington, which he greatly admired, and had asked Mr. Vallejo to engage the best agricultural statistician in the United States to come to Buenos Ayres to effect that reorganization. Mr. Vallejo

said that after canvassing a number of names that had been suggested his choice had narrowed to me and Mr. Murray. I assured him that he could not find a better agricultural statistician in the world than Mr. Murray. He asked whom I would rank as second to Mr. Murray. I replied that for the particular reorganization task he had in mind that probably Mr. Callander would be the next best. Then he asked if I would consider such an engagement and I responded emphatically "No," and for many reasons, but I thought that if the compensation were made sufficiently attractive perhaps either Mr. Murray or Mr. Callander would accept. Next he asked if I thought the Argentine Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics could be reorganized along the lines of the U.S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and whether its increased efficiency and usefulness and results obtained would justify the expense involved before the Argentine Congress and people. I smiled at the sober manner in which these questions were put and answered, "Why, yes, of course, this time yes without the shadow of doubt. Judging from the few men I have met from Argentina the people of that country, especially the business men, diplomats, and scholars, are just as intelligent, just as modern in their point of view, just as enterprising, and often better educated than the same class of people in the United States. There can be no question as to the ability of either Mr. Murray or Mr. Callander to set up an organization in your Department of Agriculture that will be comparable in value and efficiency with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics here. As to the value of such a bureau, just consider that it is really an intelligence service organized to obtain simultaneously and periodically complete, accurate, and definite information on a uniform basis regarding agriculture and livestock throughout the entire re-

public, and this information is quickly summarized, published, and made available for all. Such information is absolutely essential to all branches of the government, especially the department of agriculture in formulating constructive programs, and to the Congress in legislating intelligently, and of direct and immediate benefit to the business men of Argentina, and of great even though indirect and less immediate benefit to all producers. Furthermore, I added, the agricultural crop reports and statistics heretofore issued by the Argentine government have not been highly regarded because of their incompleteness and because often they were issued so long after the period to which they related as to have lost the value of timeliness, and because no one outside of Argentina knew just how those data were collected or compiled or just how dependable the published results were. Another thing to consider is the fact that the whole world is now linked together by systems of transportation and communication so that no country can afford to think that it is wholly independent of other countries in the matter of prices for its agricultural products; those prices are determined largely by the relation of supply to demand, and that relation is most readily determined by statistics of production and consumption, not in one country alone, but in several of the most important countries of which Argentina is one, which makes it highly important that the standard of efficiency in organization and service of the statistical and economic departments of all countries be raised, and that each profit by the progress made in all the others. I am therefore delighted to know that Argentina is taking the lead in this matter of improving its statistical ~~service~~ organization, because I would expect other countries, especially other Latin American countries to follow her lead." I had been gazing out

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of the window across the Potomac, watching the reflections of the sunset sky in its placid surface, as I said all this, and on turning to look at him I saw that he was smiling and his eyes were bright as he said, "Yes, that is what Dr. LeBreton says, and that is why he wants a man from the U.S. Department of Agriculture to come to his country and establish such a system there. Again I suggested that he try to secure Mr. Murray.

Four days later Mr. Vallejo called again. I asked if he had interviewed Mr. Murray and Mr. Callander. He said he had, but after his talk with me his mind was made up that I was the man best qualified to accomplish what Dr. LeBreton had in mind and that he had come to say that he would not take no for an answer. I laughed and said, "Well, Mr. Vallejo, I feel highly complimented, but you know as well as I do that no man is indispensable and that others can do this special work for your country as well or better than I can. I cannot think of leaving Washington, my home for thirty years, my house and furniture, my farms, my relatives, my friends, my position; and I am nearly 54 years old and do not understand a word of Spanish; my present position is permanent, the one you offer is temporary; I would not consent to leave my family here and it would be expensive to take them with me; and ~~that~~ if I accepted such a position for a year or more I would probably find upon my return that conditions had changed during my absence, I would be out of employment and out of step with my own people, and the whole course of my life might be changed."

He replied that all these objections could be overcome; that the expenses of myself and family to Argentina and return would be borne by the Argentine government; that an English speaking secretary would be assigned to me; and that his government would guarantee me against ~~loss~~ financial loss because of absence

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from home interests and the temporary nature of the employment offered.

I asked him what his government expected to pay for the service desired. He replied that the amount had not been fixed, but that Dr. LeBreton had instructed him by cable to secure my services at whatever salary I might name. My salary was then \$4,500 as associate chief of bureau and, having this in mind, I said at once that I could not even consider breaking my Washington connections and home life for less than ten, twelve, or fifteen thousand dollars and all travelling expenses ~~for myself and family~~. He interrupted quickly to ask "Will you come for a year for fifteen thousand dollars, payable in gold, with expenses of yourself and family down and back?"

I hesitated a moment, thinking of my \$4,500 salary, the refusal of the Secretary to approve my promotion a few months previously, the subordinate position to which I had been assigned upon the consolidation of the bureaus, the petty politics that *had* broken loose in the department under the Wallace administration, and how unhappy I had been for more than a year, and instantly my decision was made. I answered, "Yes, Mr. Vallejo, if your proposal is put in writing in the form of a contract I will sign it, provided this also is understood: That I, as would any other stranger coming to your country for such a purpose, will have to make a preliminary study of your governmental organization, your laws, your history, the physical characteristics of your country, the crops grown and the conditions under which they are grown, the farm practices, the psychology of your farm population, your storage and transportation facilities, and your trade relations with other countries. All that would require several months and involve travel to every distinctive agri-

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cultural region if not to every state. I would want at least six months for this preliminary study and the preparation of a program of reorganization, and another six months in which to put the program into effect. The point is just this, that you must not expect any results while this absolutely essential preliminary study is under way, in order that all practical and determining conditions may be considered and provided for so that when a well considered program is announced and put into effect it will have the support ~~of~~ and cooperation of all classes of your people--farmers, ~~merchants~~ landed proprietors, merchants, politicians, and the press, so that your minister of agriculture will have something to point to with pride as an achievement of permanent value to your country and there will be no criticism of his administration as having brought in a stranger, a foreigner who could not even speak the language, at a very ⁶liberal salary, when there must be literally hundreds of university and professional men in Argentina who feel themselves equally well qualified to do this service. Is that understood?"

He smiled broadly and said, "Mr. Estabrook, you have stated the case exactly as Dr. LeBreton sees it, and that is why you are the one man we want. All I ask is for a few days, perhaps a week, to cable the terms of our agreement to my government for approval and confirmation, the preparation of the contract at the embassy, and to give me time to run up to Canada on a special mission."

Upon his return some days later he called up on the telephone to say that the contract would be ready for signature at the legation the following day, and it was. As soon as it was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, with a copy in my pocket I

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He smiled broadly and said, "Mr. Eastbrook, you have stated the case exactly as Dr. Leffertson sees it, and that is why you are the one man we want. All I ask is for a few days, perhaps a week, to cable the terms of our agreement to my government for approval and confirmation, the preparation of the contract at the embassy, and to give me time to run up to Canada on a special mission."

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E--1121.

had an interview with Dr. H.C. Taylor, chief of my bureau. and showed him ~~the~~ the English version of the contract. Whether he had any inkling of what was going on I do not know, but if he had he gave a good imitation of being greatly surprised, congratulated me heartily, and then, in a most unexpected manner, began to apologize for the fact that he had ~~been~~ so overwhelmed with the details of administration incident to the reorganization of the bureau he had rather neglected me. "Yes, Dr." I said, "I have felt it somewhat, because I ^{had} hoped ^{and expected} that my many years of experience in successful reorganization work and my exceptionally intimate knowledge of the Department of Agriculture might have been utilized to better advantage and it was only because of that hope that I remained in service during the last six months; and it is principally because of the futility of my present position that I am accepting this foreign contract." Then he began to apologize for the hostile attitude of Dr. E.D. Ball, upon whom he laid a considerable burden of blame for intervening adversely between me and the Secretary. He asked when my contract went into effect and I informed ~~it~~ him that it was effective the day I sailed from New York, which I had stipulated should be the first of the coming January, so as to give me time in which to arrange my affairs. From that time until the day I left Dr. Taylor was very solicitous and for the first time in our association listened to what I had to say on any subject with attention. This complete change of attitude made a very bad impression upon me which even after the lapse of years is only partially offset by my recognition of his many sterling qualities. It was only that recognition on my part of his strength and certain other admirable qualities that enabled me to endure for so many months his brusqueness, his indifference, and ^{his} studied neglect.

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From Dr. Taylor's office I went directly to the office of Secretary Wallace and was admitted. I showed him the contract with the Argentine government and he expressed surprise, congratulated me, and said wearily that he envied me my good fortune, there was so much he would like to get away from. I said, "Mr. Wallace, do you remember the rather long letter I wrote you before you came to Washington in which I tried to express some of my dreams and plans for the improvement and enlargement of the crop estimating service of which I was so proud, and my statement to you, when you asked if I thought it wise to lose the identity of the Bureau of Crop Estimates in the larger Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and I said that my personal fortunes meant nothing to me in comparison with the ideal of public service that I cherished?" He nodded. "Well, I meant every word of that statement; now that I am leaving the service, ~~temporarily~~ at least temporarily, I want you to understand that I have never lost sight of that ideal and only the hope of realizing that ideal has kept me in service the last year, because my way has been made unnecessarily difficult and I have been subjected to much undeserved criticism for which there was no foundation; my long and very successful experience in organization and administrative work has been ignored and opportunities for service have been few and far between. This has been a great disappointment to me. I do not hold you responsible for the criticism or the difficulties ~~whix~~ with which I have been surrounded, because I know quite well where they originated, but life is too short to combat that sort of treatment. The Department of Agriculture is my real alma mater and I love it, and because I love it you have not heard one word of protest or criticism from me. I simply wanted you to know this from me." He replied, "I think I understand,

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Mr. Estabrook. I have never doubted your sincerity or loyalty to the department." "Thank you, Mr. Secretary," I answered, "perhaps you will consider favorably my last request or suggestion, that instead of resigning outright I be granted a furlough without pay for a year. It seems to me that it reflects credit upon the department that one of its specialists is engaged by a foreign government to reorganize an important branch of its service and that it will reflect even greater credit if that specialist succeeds in his mission. Also it seems to me that it would add somewhat to my prestige and contribute to my success in a foreign country if I retained a nominal connection with my home department. Furthermore, by the time I return conditions in the department may have worked themselves out to the point where I can again be of service." Mr. Wallace at once agreed that it would be best for both the department and for me to be able to say that I had been loaned to the Argentine government for special service.

Word spread quickly over the department and the next day friends and acquaintances from all over the department called or telephoned to congratulate me. Then came the task of announcing what had taken place to my wife. After my first interview with Mr. Vallejo I had mentioned his proposal to her and she had remarked rather indifferently, "Of course, you told him no." Knowing beforehand what her instinctive reaction would be I had kept silent as to subsequent negotiations, but now that I was committed by a signed contract, the sooner she understood the situation the better. Always before I had consulted her freely, but in this matter I felt that it would be impossible for her to visualize the possibilities of this foreign venture, just as in all the previous years she had never visualized my situation in the

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Department of Agriculture. On the way home that evening I turned over in my mind how best to make the announcement to her. I regretted exceedingly her ^{complete} indifference to my official life, and for that reason mainly I decided simply to announce that I had agreed to go to Argentina for a year and that we would leave on January first. So that evening after the supper table was cleared I put my arm around her, to prevent her escape, and said, "My dear, we are all going to Argentina for a year and will leave on the first day of January. I have signed a contract that cannot be broken and you and the children are going with me. Now let us sit down and talk about it." Rather blunt, but it worked. She sat down. I handed her the copy of the English translation of the contract and pointed to the signatures and official seal, and put my finger on the clause reading "\$15,000 payable in American gold or its equivalent in twelve monthly instalments." For a moment she was speechless. Her first words were "But I cannot go." "Sorry, my dear," I replied, "but you and the children are going." "But we cannot leave the house, and what will become of Sunny Hill," she asked. I replied that if we could do no better the house would be locked up just as it was and we would padlock the gates at Sunny Hill and let the weeds grow; but that in any event she and the children were going to Argentina with me, and that I would buy some trunks and she could begin packing the things she felt she must take with her.

Still she was stupified as if with horror. I said, "Listen, my dear; can't you see that you need a vacation and a change of scene; can't you see that this is a great adventure, that we shall have a long ocean voyage and see strange cities and people, that all your friends will envy you, that it will be a picnic

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for the children who will have a chance to see a foreign country and to learn a foreign language, and that for us all it will be a holiday; that we will all have to get a new outfit of clothes, that we will be so busy packing up and saying good by~~e~~ to our friends that the time between now and January will pass quickly, that it means a new life and a new outlook on life, and that new life will be so interesting that the time we are away will pass quickly, and before we know it we will be back in Washington and all your friends will be listening to you and the children talking about your wonderful experiences in Argentina, an experience that will be yours for life and nothing can^{ever} take it away. I shall have to work and work hard, of course, but you and the children can simply play and have a good^{time}, such a good time as you never had before~~/~~ and may never have again. Can't you see it all?" She began to see, and thereafter there were no protests or reproaches and she became interested in the necessary preparations. This attitude was confirmed by the congratulations of all her friends and the pleasure of buying new outfits for herself and the children.

Preparation for the Argentine Mission.

I was exceedingly busy and realized that the time allowed for the change was none to^o long. At the department my advice and council was sought by all sorts of people and^{on} all sorts of questions, but especially by Dr. Taylor who seemed to realize that after all my experience and judgment were of value. I dropped the postgraduate course in economics I had started in the department and ^{began} started an intensive course of study in Spanish at the Berlitz School of Languages. I put the town house in the hands of a real estate agent with instructions to get me an offer for it. He returned within a week with a contract of sale and a deposit of \$500 offering \$15,000. Just at that time there was

for the children who will have a chance to see a foreign country and to learn a foreign language, and that for us all it will be a holiday; that we will all have to get a new outfit of clothes; that we will be so busy packing up and saying good by to our friends that the time between now and January will pass quickly, that it means a new life and a new outlook on life, and that new life will be so interesting that the time we are away will pass quickly, and before we know it we will be back in Washington and all your friends will be listening to you and the children talking about your wonderful experiences in Argentina, an experience that will be yours for life and nothing can take it away. I shall have to work and work hard, of course, but you and the children can simply play and have a good time as you never had before and may never have again. Can't you see it all?" She began to see, and thereafter there were no protests or reproaches and she became interested in the necessary preparations. This attitude was confirmed by the congratulations of all her friends and the pleasure of buying new outfits for herself and the children.

Departure for the Argentine Province

I was exceedingly busy and realized that the time allowed for the change was none too long. At the department my advice and counsel was sought by all sorts of people and all sorts of questions, but especially by Dr. Taylor who seemed to realize that after all my experience and judgment were of value. I dropped the postgraduate course in economics I had started in the department and started an intensive course of study in Spanish at the Berlitz School of Languages. I put the town house in the hands of a real estate agent with instructions to get me an offer for it. He returned within a week with a contract of sale and a deposit of \$500 offering \$15,000. Just at that time there was

a boom in real estate values in my immediate neighborhood due partly to the business development along Connecticut Avenue and the contract for the building of the May Flower Hotel in the next block. Wife and I decided to reject this offer, mainly because other houses of the same character in the same block had sold recently for twice that amount. A few weeks later another agent called with an offer of \$20,000, which fully justified our rejection of the first offer. It was not a bad offer and I was inclined to accept it, but hearing of another house in the neighborhood that sold for \$35,000 my wife refused to ~~consider~~ consider it. As time was growing short I gave my real estate agent a power of attorney to look after the rents, taxes, insurance, repairs, assessments, and the like during our absence. In order to avoid the necessity of removing and storing our household goods, the accumulation of many years, I arranged with our roomers on the top floors, Mr. Jenkins and his family of mother, sister, and blind aunt, to take over the whole house at the reduced rental of \$50 per month, allowing our things to remain in place and with the privilege of renting the rooms during our absence.

I soon realized that I needed additional funds with which to finance preparations for the trip to South America. I went to the bank with which I had done business for more than twenty years and asked for a personal loan, but because it was a trust and savings bank it was prohibited by law from making such a loan. I did not wish to mortgage my real estate and, besides, it would take time. It occurred to me to consult the secretary of the building and loan association through which I had paid for my town house. I took with me a list of my assets, my town house and two farms, both unencumbered, stated there were no

liabilities, attached a copy of my Argentine contract, cited my long and creditable record in the government service, gave the Secretary ^{and} bureau chiefs of my department as references, and said I needed two thousand dollars, payable in four monthly instalments of \$500 each, beginning with February, 1923, for the purpose of financing my trip to Argentina. The secretary of the building and loan association remembered me, glanced at the papers I handed him, said they were gilt edge and that while the association could not handle such matters he knew the president of a bank who would gladly take care of it for me. A few hours later he asked me to call by, and when ^I ~~he~~ did so he gave me ~~his~~ a note of introduction to Mr. Poole, president of the Federal American National Bank. I called at the bank immediately, ^{and} ~~A~~ was cordially received. Mr. Poole gave one look at me, reached for the papers I had prepared, and said at once "Just sign these notes; do ^{you} ~~A~~ wish cash, or credit in the bank?" I said that I preferred to open an account with the bank in which I could make deposits and withdrawals at my convenience, and it was done. The whole transaction took less than five minutes and my mind was relieved on the score of preparation for the coming trip and change in life. I at once transferred my balance from the savings bank that could not accommodate a customer of twenty years standing to this new bank that could do so with a stranger in a few minutes.

With funds available my wife and I enjoyed what to us was an orgie of spending in purchasing a supply of new clothing sufficient for a year, and the children were excited and delighted over their new outfits. We also laid in a supply of medicines and toilet articles, and all of us visited a dentist to have our teeth put in order.

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After many consultations my sister agreed to resign her position with the Federal Vocational Educational Board, which she had long wanted to do, and go to live with mother on the place she and her daughter, Eunice, had purchased jointly near the Shookstown schoolhouse and manage Sunny Hill ^{Farm} ~~Farm~~ for me during my absence on a nominal salary and a share in any profits that might be realized.

Then came the interesting experience of getting passports for myself and family and obtaining certificates of vaccination from the local health officer and a certificate from the police department that I had not been convicted of a crime within the last five years, all of which we understood was required by the Argentine authorities. I was a little doubtful about a certificate of vaccination for my wife because she was violently opposed to vaccination on the ground that it was useless, unnecessary, dangerous because it introduced a poison into healthy people, and was advocated by the medical profession simply to obtain fees. On this subject her mind was absolutely closed, as was her father's before her. I assumed, of course, that she had never been vaccinated, but when we appeared before the health officer she exposed her arm and exhibited the characteristic vaccination scar which relieved us of all embarrassment.

Next came the arrangements for steamer passage from New York to Buenos Aires and the selection of a cabin. I found that the boat leaving New York for Buenos Aires on the nearest date to January 1st was the British steamer "Vandyke," leaving on the 3d. for Rio de Janeiro, where a week later we could take another British steamer for Buenos Aires. I rather liked the idea of spending a week at Rio and engaged passage on the "Vandyck."

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So the ~~days~~ went by, office hours all too short for the succession of committee meetings, conferences, and interviews, and after office hours arranging for our departure, and evenings spent in taking lessons in Spanish.

Farewell Reception

7 On December 14 Dr. Jones asked me to come to his office at noon, without saying what he wanted. I did so and found him waiting for me. He said he wanted to take one of our old times luncheons with me, and I gladly consented. Together we walked up 14th Street, talking all the time so that I scarcely noticed where we were going. At the corner of 14th and F Streets we turned into the main entrance of the Ebbitt House, which has been *since* replaced by the Press Building, the hotel from which many years before I had seen President elect McKinley emerge on his way to the White House. Inside I was surprised to find the lobby of the hotel full of friends and acquaintances, not only from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Secretary's office, the Chief Clerk's office, but from nearly every other branch of the Department of Agriculture. And all were ~~so~~ cordial in their greetings. I turned to Mr. Murray who had come to my side and asked "What kind of a gathering is this: I have had no notice of it." He smiled and answered, "It is a surprise farewell luncheon given to you by your friends in the department." It was a complete surprise, and I particularly dislike surprises, and my first thought was that I was not dressed for the occasion, but good will was so apparent and so universal that I could only make the best of it and feel grateful for this public expression of friendship.

Mr. Murray led the way into the large banquet hall set with tables and decorated with flowers to a seat next to Dr. B. T. Gal-

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loway, former chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry and to whom I owed so much, who sat next to Secretary Wallace at the center of the speaker's table. As soon as I was seated the banquet hall filled up to capacity and wherever I looked I saw familiar faces, and among them many I had not seen for years because my work and offices had changed. There was a pause and then, wonder of wonders,, Mr. Gage entered with my wife on his arm and conducted her to the vacant seat on my left. To me it was a miracle. She looked much flustered, slightly protesting, and very much surprised, as was to be expected; but her eyes were bright, she carried herself well, and was smiling at the attention her entrance attracted, especially at the applause that greeted her when she took her seat at my side. The whole affair was such a complete surprise and I was so occupied in looking about and recognizing faces of old friends that to this day I do not know what was served for luncheon except that there was an abundance of flowers, several courses, and a hum of friendly conversation. Nor could I say whether there were only a hundred or several hundred guests present, simply that the banquet hall was large and was full.

At the conclusion of the luncheon Secretary Wallace stood up, rapped for order, and paid me a very high tribute to the effect that he had never met a man more loyal and sincere in his public service than I, and that if the same spirit of honest, efficient ~~service~~ and loyal service were universal in the departments of Washington it would revolutionize public life and be of incalculable benefit to the people of the United States.

Then he called upon Dr. Galloway, who said that in all his long public service he had never met any one so entirely and unselfishly devoted to the service, so highly efficient, so just

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and tolerant, so outspoken against what he believed to be wrong or in defence of any one he thought was not getting fair treatment, or who was so modest, uniformly courteous and considerate of his colleagues and subordinates, or so little affected by promotion or advancement, or a man who showed so little concern about his own status or prospects, or a man who was such a hard student and showed such an intelligent interest in all branches of the technical research work of the department, as Mr. Estabrook. "It is for these reasons," Dr. Galloway continued, "that we all honor him, respect him, and love him."

The Secretary then called upon Dr. H.C. Taylor, who paid me a generous tribute of acknowledgement of the manner in which I had cooperated with him and other leaders in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the magnificent way in which I had met the criticisms leveled at the new bureau and helped with my intimate knowledge of the department, my unusual common sense and courage in coping with the many new problems and difficulties the department had to face in the present economic situation.

Several other chiefs of bureau followed with expressions of good will, praise, and good wishes. Then there were calls for a speech from me.

I rose with reluctance and said in effect, "Friends, this demonstration of friendship so fills me with emotion and comes as such a surprise that it is difficult for me to say anything except that I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It seems to me that the best compensation any man in the public service can have is the loyal friendship of his colleagues and associates, and this I feel that I have in rich and full measure. It has been my privilege to work with you in ~~many capacities~~ harmonious co-

operation and collaboration with you and from you I have learned much, because ~~if~~ each of you, a leader in some branch of scientific research, without realizing it, has given me a glimpse into the great wonderland in which your lives are spent ^{and} each of you was a beloved teacher, so much so that I have come to think of the Department of Agriculture as my university, my alma mater. To each of you, therefore, I owe a debt of gratitude, and those marvellous glimpses you gave me, your friendship, your fellowship, and the feeling that I was of some service, meant far more to me than ^{the} ~~my~~ salary that went with the particular position I happened to occupy. I can do no more than simply say that I appreciate now and shall always appreciate this wonderful tribute of friendship, and to wish you each and every one the best that life can give, happiness in ^{your} ~~his~~ work and service and many, many friends."

There was applause and all stood up at a signal and gave three rousing cheers. Handshaking and congratulations closed a demonstration almost without precedent in the department. As the crowd thinned out we were joined by Messrs. Murray, Jones, and Gage, of my old office. Mr. Gage volunteered to see my wife home. She protested that she could walk or take a street car, but he smilingly led her away.

I walked back to the department with Dr. Jones. At the street corner where we were to separate he urgently insisted that I accompany him to his office because he had some statistical charts he wanted to show me and this might be his last chance, so I consented. After reaching his office I soon realized that the maps were simply a pretext and that he and a group of former associates were trying to hold me for some purpose that I could not divine, so I tried to be patient. At last Dr. Jones said he could ~~not~~ remember just what it was that he wanted to consult me about but

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he and others would walk with me to my office in the adjoining building and perhaps he could remember it en route.

Arrived at my office I was a second time taken by surprise. I had left it bare except for the papers on the desk, because I *had* removed my books of reference, private papers, and a rather large collection of agricultural bulletins that I had dilligently accumulated through many years. Now I found it a bower of greenery and floral decorations, and in the center stood my wife with an armful of roses. There were tears in her eyes as she advanced to meet me and I saw that for the first time in ~~her life~~ our married life she realized something of what my office life had meant to me. I greeted her with a kiss, and standing side by side we received the bureau clerical force, each group led by its section or division chief. There were several hundred of them and as they filed past each was introduced. I think my wife was most touched by the remark of a colored charwoman who said to her, "Lady, your husband is the best gentleman in the whole department."

It was ~~dark~~ dark when the reception ended, and we drove home in a taxi. That evening my wife was very quiet and a little strange, as if all her preconceived ideas about her husband had been upset. The next day I asked Mr. Gage how he managed to pry my wife away from the house. He chuckled and said it was more difficult than he had expected, that she raised every conceivable objection, refused point blank to budge, so that he almost had to use force, but he was determined ^athat she should be present at the surprise party. A flashlight photograph had been taken of wife and I standing in the center of my decorated office, and a few days later one of the artists of the photographic section presented me with ^acolored and enlargement.

I never learned who was most responsible for this public demonstration. I rather suspected and was inclined to credit Dr. Taylor with taking the initiative and doing all in his power to make the occasion a success, partly for the credit of the bureau of which he was the head, partly to offset in his own mind and in mine the indifference, neglect, and opposition he had manifested toward me, and partly because of a very fine trait, the generosity of a big man who tries to make amends, as shown by his efforts to bring Prof. Spillman back into the service. I knew, of course, that Mr. Murray and Dr. Jones, my closest associates and dearest friends for many years, had the desire and the will to start a demonstration, but I suspected that both were so naturally modest and retiring that they would lack the initiative, especially to start something on a departmental scale. I knew that the initiative having been taken by some one friends throughout the department would gladly come together to greet me and wish me well on my new mission. That demonstration really brought to an end my active service within the department, a service that I remember with pleasure because of the joy of ^{work} service and what I learned month after month for many years; and [^]₂ regret that it ended and can never be duplicated in this life because age, experience, and the times have so changed me that I am a different man and living in a different world.

The following week the Division of Crop Estimates, the new name for my old Bureau of Crop Estimates, presented me with two fine steamer rugs and a beautiful mahogany ~~humidor~~ ^{humidor} full of Havanna cigars. As I remember it Dr. Jones made the presentation with a neat little speech expressing the good will and affection of the group, about one hundred employes, and I tried to respond and express my appreciation of their loyal cooperation

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and friendship, ^{saying} that the happiest days of my public service had been spent in their company, that if their services had not been substantially recognized by promotions and increases in salaries in the old Bureau of Crop Estimates it was because the appropriations were inadequate, and that was one of the principal reasons why I had advocated its consolidation and loss of identity with the larger bureau; and while that consolidation had brought stresses and strains in which I had shared, nevertheless I still felt that it was for the best and that they would all share in the benefits that came from membership in a larger and more important bureau with more adequate funds at its disposal; and in conclusion I thanked them for their loyal service and friendship and their testimonial." In spite of myself I was almost overcome with emotion as I looked into so many sympathetic faces. My voice was almost out of control and some fugitive tears escaped. They were matched on the faces of some of my older friends. When it was all over ~~and~~ ^{and on} I got away ~~on~~ my way back to my office I hoped I might be alone for a few minutes and have a good cry, all the time kicking myself for this exhibition of emotion, and saying to myself, "Dammit all, I'll certainly be glad when this sob stuff is all over."

The closing days of December found us extremely busy receiving calls and visiting the families of Mr. Murray, Dr. Jones, Mr. Gage, Mr. Callander, and other friends and relatives. I had packed and sent to Sunny Hill my collection of bulletins, made the rounds of the various bureaus to bid my friends good bye, called on Dr. Rowe, Director, and Mr. Reid, Foreign Trade Commissioner, at the Pan American Union, to explain the nature of my mission to Argentina and to inquire if I could be of service while there, and Dr. Rowe was kind enough to give me letters of intro-

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The closing days of December found us extremely busy receiving calls and visiting the families of Mr. Murray, Dr. Jones, Mr. Gage, Mr. Callender, and other friends and relatives. I had packed and sent to Tommy Hill my collection of bulletins, made the rounds of the various bureaus to bid my friends good bye, called on Dr. Rowe, Director, and Mr. Reid, Forestry Trade Commissioner, at the Pan American Union, to explain the nature of my mission to Argentina and to inquire if I could be of service while there, and Dr. Rowe was kind enough to give me letters of intro-

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duction to several prominent citizens of Buenos Ayres, and Mr. Reid made up a collection of bulletins descriptive of South American countries. Also I obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce a copy of its Handbook of South America.

The last day of this eventful year found us ready to leave on our great adventure on the first day of the new year, our trunks having been forwarded that morning to New York, leaving us with nothing but the clothes we wore and our suit cases. Both Thelma and Otis had a new suitcase of their own and were inordinately proud of them. Even Rosie, the beautiful white dog that my wife would not consent to leave behind, had been washed, combed, and had a new red ribbon for her neck.

I had, of course, spent a night and a day with mother and sister, talked over the past and discussed the future, and bade them good by, with mutual promises to write regularly and keep each other informed.

So on the last day of 1922 we were all set and ready for the adventure on the first day of 1933.

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I had, of course, spent a night and a day with mother and sister, talked over the past and discussed the future, and bade them good by, with mutual promises to write regularly and keep each other informed.

So on the last day of 1912 we were all set and ready for the adventure on the first day of 1913.

